

# Pensioned For Life.

By JENNIE LEE.

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"If you pull my hair again, Louise, I'll discharge you without a moment's notice!" snapped the lovely Sibyl Stevenson to her French maid, who was dressing her mistress's head.

"Miss Sibyl is very cross," suggested the maid in meek reply as she went on with her thankless task.

"Well, you'd be cross, too, if—"

"Shall I dress the hair high or low this morning, miss?" interrupted Louise.

"The ugliest way possible," said Sibyl sharply. "Make me the ugliest woman on the beach. Make me an ugly that no man will ever look at me. Do you understand?" she continued. "I hate men."

Louise went on making puffs and curls regardless of her mistress's directions. For a time nothing was said. Sibyl was decidedly moody, and it was the maid who again started the conversation.

"Miss Sibyl, what is a good looking glass?"

"Why, Louise, you are stupid not to know that. A good looking glass is a mirror which tells no lies. Now, with the men—they are not so responsible—they do not always tell the truth, but you can depend on a good looking glass to be brutally frank. But why do you ask?" inquired Sibyl.

"Well, I have here a letter from a mysterious stranger, who asks me to



"Is that you, Louise?" he whispered, meet him at the Pine grove. He says that I am a good looking glass. What does he mean, Miss Sibyl?"

"He doubtless says you are a good looking lass—that is, a girl," Sibyl explained. "But let me see the letter."

From the pocket of her dainty apron Louise drew forth the note. Sibyl read it through, hesitated a moment and then turned to her maid.

"Louise, I'll meet this man in your place. I don't want you to be deceived, as I have been. Mr. Judson has proved false, and—"

A tiny tear found its way on Sibyl's cheek.

So it was arranged, and the season's belle, Sibyl Stevenson, strolled down toward the clump of tall pine trees near the edge of the lake in the early evening to meet the man who had paid court to her maid. The trees, shaken by the breezes, cast freakish shadows on the ground, and Sibyl was not altogether comfortable.

She was eager to meet this youth who was trifling with the affections of her maid and give him a piece of her mind. She had not long to wait, however, before the tall figure of a man came down the winding path.

With long, swinging strides he approached, stopped a moment as if to make quite sure of—something, she knew not what. Then, to her great surprise, he turned quickly and disappeared.

Sibyl waited until she felt it was no longer safe for her to be out alone and returned to the hotel to tell her maid of the strange occurrence. They discussed the problem, and both decided that the gorgeous gown worn by Miss Stevenson did not look like the simple grooming of her maid. This fact had probably frightened the man away.

The next evening Sibyl, dressed in a plain black frock, with white collar and cuffs and a drooping hat, awaited the mysterious Romeo whom Louise had notified by note to be there at a certain hour.

Again the tall figure swung down the road, a slouch hat pulled down well over his eyes.

"Is that you, Louise?" he whispered. Sibyl started to scream; then she leaned against a friendly pine tree and in a weak voice claimed the identity.

"Is she wise?" asked the man.

"In who wise?" reiterated Sibyl, her voice still trembling.

"Why, Miss Stevenson, your mistress," stammered her companion. "Don't stand there like a mummy, you stupid bit of French humanity! Speak up and tell me how she forgives me and how you arranged it."

He got no further in his inquiries. Sibyl picked up her little black skirt and ran for home. Once she was safely closeted with Louise she felt vaguely that the echo of a man's hearty laughter had followed her flight.

"Louise," began Sibyl in a most

thrilling tone, "what do you mean by flirting with Mr. Judson? Now, do not interrupt me, for it was Mr. Judson who met me."

"Mr. Judson? Impossible!" cried the astonished Louise.

"No other," emphatically assured Sibyl. "Those things may be all right in France, Louise, but no nice American girl will!"

A knock at the door interrupted the end of this sentence. A gentleman was waiting to see Miss Stevenson. The hallboy did not know his name. Sibyl had changed her somber black frock to one of her Paris creations and went to meet her caller.

She glanced into the public parlor, but he was not in sight. Upon inquiry she learned that her guest was waiting on the corner of the piazza for her. She went to meet him, and Harry Judson put forth his hand as she came toward him in the dim light.

"Sibyl, you must hear me," Judson began.

"My dear Mr. Judson," said Sibyl, with stinging sarcasm, "that is just the trouble. I've heard too much from you already."

"Now, please listen. The train was late night before last, we were derailed just the other side of the draw, and I couldn't very well swim all the way here, could I?"

"Is that all you have to say?" inquired Sibyl, but the tone of her voice was a bit softer.

"Except that I love you and—"

"And my maid as well, I suppose," finished Sibyl.

"Don't be a foolish girl, dear. You have a prize in Louise. If you'll promise not to discharge her, I'll tell you a secret. It was Louise who arranged this campaign; it was she who suggested my writing her a letter that would reach you. She's a brick, all right, is Louise."

Sibyl opened her eyes wide and stared at Judson for a moment.

"You mean to tell me that stupid French girl planned all this to give you a chance to explain," mused Sibyl.

"But why?"

"I hunted her up and told her you were angry with me because I kept you waiting nearly two hours. She understood it was not my fault, if you would not."

"But how can you explain about being with Miss Lawton?" suggested Sibyl.

"Easily," assured Judson. "She was on the same train with me, and it was late and dark, and she was afraid, and I offered to let her land safely under her parental roof. Surely no decent American could do less, could he?"

"Well—but—" Sibyl felt that she was caught in a closely woven net and was trying, though not very hard, to find an opening. Harry looked very penitent, and Sibyl knew that she loved him as much as he loved her.

"Well, will you promise?"

"Anything, dear—anything!" cried Harry without waiting to know what it might be.

"Will you promise to give Louise a pension for life?" asked Sibyl.

And as he took her in his arms he promised that and many other more important things.

**Real Bottomless Pits.**

Bottomless pits are facts, not fancies, according to Professor E. A. Martel, the French geologist. He declares that this term may be applied to cliff caves whose lower part has been cut off by the erosion of the valley below, thus turning them into tunnels, through which the valley may be seen. The most remarkable abyss of this kind which the savant has seen is the so called hole of Platary, on the summit of the eastern ridge of Vercors, above Cielles. At about 5,100 feet a horizontal orifice opens suddenly like the mouth of an ordinary cave, which it probably once was. The bottom has been cut off, demolished by the immense erosion of the vast basin of trees to the east, 2,300 to 3,500 feet deep, on which the present lower orifice of the present cave opens out in a superb arch twenty-six feet high. From the railway between the stations of Cielles and Percy, on the line from Grenoble to Veynes, it is seen 2,300 feet in the air like a pinhole near the summit of a limestone cliff. It was from the car window that the extraordinary aperture was discovered. In Belgium in the Grand Duke's hole one may descend and contemplate the windings of the Leuse, holding to the shrubbery to avoid being precipitated into the river 250 feet below. In the chalk cliffs of Etretat there is another evidence of an incompletely destroyed cave whose remaining upper entrance doubtless soon will disappear.

**Strange Capture of a Salmon.**

Fishing a well known river in Norway one June, one of the tenants of the fishing lodge opposite ours caught a fish of twenty-nine pounds in the morning and lost another, his spinning line being broken by the rush of a heavy fish. Fishing with prawn the afternoon of the same day, the same angler in the same pool got into a good fish at his first cast. After a long fight the fish was gaffed and landed. Then was revealed a strange state of things. The prawn tackle had never touched the fish; in fact, the hooks were a foot or more from it. They had caught in the cast which had been lost that morning and was now twisted into knots and tangles no doubt by the salmon endeavoring to get rid of the treble Norsk cast and hooks. The line had been got rid of. As the prawn swung down the pool it had trapped the lost cast still attached to the salmon, and fish (thirty-three pounds), came and tackle were recovered. We watched the incident from the road and, crossing the river, handled the recovered cast. Many maintain that salmon once hooked and played for any length of time leave the pool—W. H. in London Field.

## KITCHEN CARS.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—When special train service is desired for the transportation by rail of recruits or military organizations and the time required for the journey will exceed 48 hours the quartermasters department of the army will supply kitchen tourist cars. The kitchen cars will be completely equipped by the contractor for the preparation of the meals and a sufficient number of deep enameled plates to properly serve the troops. The contractor will furnish a cook and a cook's helper for each kitchen and the subsistence department will reimburse the contractor for the wages of these men.

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WELL! WELL! WELL!

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—Because Michael Baues and his wife, who committed suicide last week, chose the waters of Jamaica Bay for their last resting place, Herman Baues, the man's brother, has decided that he will be carrying out his brother's wishes if their remains are cast into the bay. He has had the bodies incinerated and says that he will take the ashes to the bay and cast them into the water.

**A Traveling Man's Experience.**

"I must tell you my experience on an east bound O. R. & N. R. R. train from Pendleton to Le Grande, Ore.," writes Sam A. Garber, a well known traveling man. "I was in the smoking department with some other traveling men when one of them went out into the coach and came back and said, 'There is a woman sick unto death in the car.' I at once got up and went out, found her very ill with cramp colic, her hands and arms were drawn up so you could not straighten them, and with a death-like look on her face. Two or three ladies were working with her and giving her whiskey. I went to my suitcase and got my bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy (I never travel without it), ran to the water-tank, put a double dose of the medicine in the glass, poured some water into it and stirred it with a pencil; then I had quite a time to get the ladies to let me give it to her, but I succeeded. I could at once see the effect and I worked with her, rubbing her hands, and in 20 minutes I gave her another dose. By this time we were almost into Le Grande, where I was to leave the train. I gave the bottle to the husband to be used in case another dose should be needed, but by the time the train ran into Le Grande she was all right, and I received the thanks of every passenger in the car." For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

**BANK SHUTS DOWN.**

BRADFORD, Ark., Oct. 15.—The Bradford State Bank closed its doors yesterday as the result of the disappearance of the cashier, J. J. Brennan, who is alleged to be about \$10,000 short in his accounts. The assets and liabilities of the bank are not known. A warrant has been issued for the arrest of Brennan.

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